

Volume II.

Jan. 1883.

HOWE'S

ANNALS OF IOWA

A HISTORICAL PUBLICATION,



SAMUEL STORRS HOWE,
EDITOR,
IOWA CITY.

A. R. FULTON,
CORRESPONDING EDITOR,
DES MOINES.

PRICE \$1.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

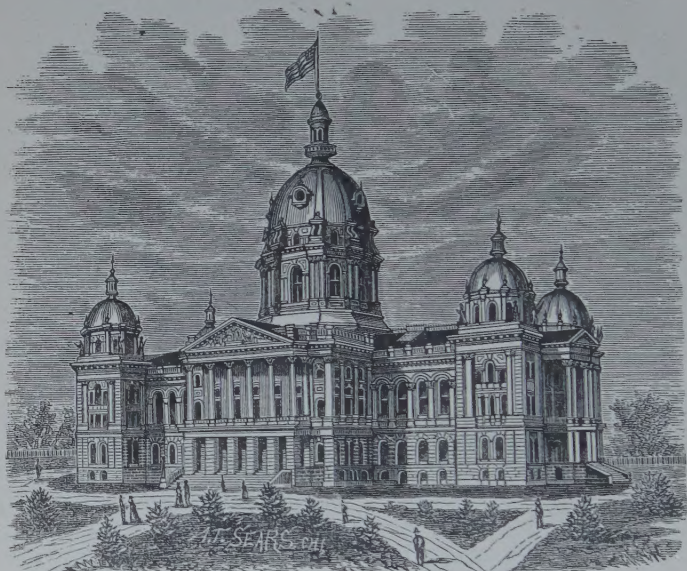
Entered at the Post-office, at Iowa City, as second-class matter.

CONTENTS.

	PAG .
ILLUSTRATIONS— STATE CAPITOL	2
COLFAX SPRINGS.....	21
DELL NEAR COLFAX.....	26
LOVER'S LEAP.....	28
JOHN W. PORTER.....	30
IOWA CITY REPUBLICAN'S ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.....	2
DISPENSATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.....	3
LEWIS AND CLARKE'S EXPEDITION	17
MEMORIAL OF SERGEANT FLOYD.....	19
COLFAX SPRINGS.....	21
MEMOIR OF JUDGE CARLETON.....	22
INFANTILE INQUIRIES	24
HUMMER'S BELL.....	27
RECEPTION TO A VETERAN MINISTER	29
MEMOIR OF JOHN W. PORTER.....	31
FOREST TREE-PLANTING ON THE IOWA PRAIRIES.....	32
EDITORIAL NOTES	33
THE REPUBLICAN BINDERY.....	34

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1883, by
 SAMUEL STORRS HOWE,
 in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

HOW THE IOWA REPUBLICAN CELEBRATED
ITS FORTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY.



THE IOWA STATE CAPITOL AT DES MOINES.



THE REPUBLICAN EXCURSION TRAIN.

The above engravings illustrate the late 42d Anniversary Excursion of THE IOWA CITY REPUBLICAN over the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway on a special train from Iowa City to Des Moines and the new State Capitol. About eight hundred citizens went on the train, notwithstanding it was on the 6th of December, 1882, the transit of Venus day, and a regular "Iowa blizzard" blast—an ever memorable occasion. Speeches, dinners, and all manner of doings occurred.

ANNALS OF IOWA.



VOL. II.

JANUARY.

1883.

DISPENSATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT,

WITH

HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERY IN IOWA.

BY SAMUEL STORRS HOWE,

Convener of the State Synod of Iowa.

DELIVERED, OCTOBER 19TH, 1882, IN THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF DES MOINES, THE CAPITAL OF IOWA.

HERE opens a most sublime subject of Apostolic discourse. The chief Apostle to the Gentiles, in writing to the Galatians, contrasts the giving of the law by Moses, and the dispensation of the Spirit by Jesus Christ. The law was given through the ministration of angels—"twenty thousand as at Sinai"—amidst lightnings and thunderings, the very rocks, as modern travelers relate, showing marks of the fires of heaven to this day. In the sublime language of Habakkuk, that wonderful old

prophet, "God came from Teman and the Holy One from Mount Paran. The everlasting mountains were scattered. The perpetual hills did bow. His ways are everlasting." So terrible was the sight, that Moses himself did exceedingly fear and quake. Thus glorious was the giving of the law, written by the fingers of the Almighty on tables of stone.

But how much more glorious was the giving of the Gospel of Jesus — more wondrous still, as written in the fleshly tables of human hearts — THE DISPENSATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, that, in the beginning, brooded over this formless, shapeless globe itself, at the creation!

"'Twas great to speak the world from naught,
'Twas greater to redeem."

Such was the glorious Gospel of the Holy Spirit, and the giving of the Holy Spirit of Promise by Jesus Christ — the word and Spirit working on the spirits of men throughout the world. In the language of our excellent Confession of Faith, God, the Holy Spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Son, "works with means, without means, and above means," with the power that God wrought when He raised Jesus Christ from the dead, raising dead souls to the life of godliness, regenerating new-born souls, creating them anew in Christ Jesus, causing a new creation, a new birth, and eternal life in this world under condemnation of the law that works death. In the words of John Calvin: "*When God works in man, the man himself acts.*" One Almighty, Eternal Holy Spirit working on the spirits of mortals — spirit on spirit. For man is not a clod of clay nor a stone, nor a dead carcass in religion, to be moved as dead matter, or as a machine. But God, the Holy Ghost, works that mankind may work out salvation from sin. Especially in infants does God, the Holy Spirit, work by His spiritual power, so that more than half the human race, such as die in infancy, are formed and fashioned anew, as belonging to our fallen nature, and fitted for heaven. And thus Christ, by the operation of the Spirit, changes the fallen nature of more than half the human race, and makes salvation in heaven possible for more than half the wide world.

God, the Holy Ghost, thus works above or without means on infantile hearts, fitting them wonderfully for heaven.

But ordinarily God, the Spirit, works by means of His providence, as among the heathen, and by His written, revealed word, wherever the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God" comes, changing mankind into His own image, as from glory to glory.

Indeed, the gospel is a Spirit-giving dispensation. Such is the subject, most sublime, selected for this memorable occasion, upon the consolidation of the Synods of Iowa, North and South into one great, grand Synod of this State. Let us dwell on it and upon some historical recollections growing out of this apostolic theme of present discourse.

I. *That we might receive the promise of the Spirit.* The gift of the Holy Spirit to our world is a matter of special prophesy and of promise and of prayer. The prophet Joel predicted: "It shall come to pass, in the last days (under the Gospel Dispensation), that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh (that is, on Jews and Gentiles), and your sons and daughters shall prophesy" or speak under the influence of the spirit. This prophesy was fulfilled on the day of Pentecost, after the immediate disciples of Christ had continued fifty days in prayer. Thus miraculously was the spirit poured out upon all nations, beginning at Jerusalem: "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and dwellers in Judea, and Capadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia and Paphlagonia, in Egypt, and in parts of Syria and Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and Proselytes, Cretes and Arabians heard the Apostles speak the wonderful words of God."

II. The Holy Spirit was a matter of promise, by Christ, to His disciples. At that last sad conversation with them before He suffered on the Cross, He said to them, sorrowing over His departure: "It is expedient that I go away; for, if I go not away, the Comforter (Paraclete) will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you." And as Christ was sent into the world by God the Father, so the Father and the Son send the Holy Spirit into the world, in all ages, to administer the kingdom of God, or the kingdom

of Christ, or the kingdom of heaven, one and the same reign, to the end of time,—a spiritual reign of the Holy Spirit among all nations. This promise began to be fulfilled on the day of Pentecost, when three thousand were converted in a single day. It is the Spirit of God working on the spirits of men in all ages. Such is the sublime subject here presented to view by the great Apostle of the Gentiles, better suited to a volume than to a brief discourse on this synodical occasion.

It is very common to preach on faith in God and in His word. It is more common still to preach on faith in Christ as the only Savior of lost men, but who are the men in the pulpit, in the lecture-room, in the Sabbath school, everywhere and on every occasion, that preach faith in the Holy Spirit of Promise; who make everything of the Spirit in preaching the Gospel of God, or of Christ the Savior of the world? Both ministers and common Christians are constantly praying about *it*, as an influence to be poured out, instead of praying to God, the Eternal Spirit, that is in the world, convincing of sin, opening the heart to the truth as He did the heart of Lydia, “to attend unto all things spoken by Paul,” the Apostle. They talk of the Spirit of Promise as *it*, instead of He, “the Spirit of Truth,” that has come into the world, and is now administering to mortals the kingdom of Christ, since He has risen and ascended on high. There is a practical unbelief in God, the Holy Ghost, who has come in the place of Jesus Christ.

For example, some learned divines, years ago, were travelling in a packet on the Erie Canal, and deliberately discussing the condition of the heathen, without instruction in the Bible; and they really questioned among themselves whether it was possible for them to be converted, since there was no word in their language for God, or Christ, or the Spirit—often, as is the case; just as if God Himself, who made the souls of all men, put spirits within them, could not find access to the creatures He has made. Away with such want of faith in the Spirit of Promise! God create the spirit of man, and not be able as the Spirit, omniscient, omnipresent, and eternal, to find access to His own child, however

debased and degraded! The success of Christian missions for the last fifty years, in which a nation of Sandwich Islanders have become Christians—a nation born in a day; the conversion of the inhabitants of Madagascar, christianized by tens of thousands, where, but a few years ago, a savage queen butchered all Christian subjects in her power; the conversion of the benighted and degraded Hottentots of South Africa, where a chief from the interior came with a drove of cattle and other gifts to buy a missionary; the conversion of the Hindoos of India and the breaking down of the adamantine walls of China, where a native came a long journey of three months to find a Jesus Christ man, and embraced the faith of Jesus and of the promised Spirit, upon the first hearing of the old Gospel story, exclaiming, “This is the very Savior I need!”—these and many other proofs exist that God, the Spirit, is everywhere and in every place, working with the almighty power which He wrought when He raised Jesus Christ from the dead, and is worthy of all faith by all men, as the administrator of the kingdom of Christ on earth, since He has arisen and ascended to His throne in the heavens. Indeed God, the Holy Spirit, works by the overruling providence of His realm of the universe. Yet He usually works by the word of truth itself. He is called by Christ Himself “The Spirit of Truth”—the very conservator of the truth in the Universal Church on earth, throughout the wide world. He leads and guides His people into all truth. He takes the things of Christ Himself, and shows them unto men, in all ages and in all lands. All the light of the ages has come from the Spirit. Even the illumination of the minds of Socrates, the prince of the Greeks, and of Cicero, the chief of the Romans, as well as the old Bible prophets, is from Him, who said, “Let there be light at the dawn of creation,” and light was. The very prophets themselves “spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.” The word of God “is the sword of the Spirit”—a two-edged sword, dividing asunder the joints and marrow, and He is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

But who is sufficient for such a ministration of the Spirit?

The Apostle to the Corinthians says expressly: "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves, to think anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God, who also hath made us able ministers of the New Testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." "But if the ministration of death, written and graven in stone, was glorious, so that the children of Israel could not steadfastly behold the face of Moses for the glory of his countenance, which glory was to be done away, how shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious? Now, the Lord is that Spirit." For "the law came by Moses, but grace and truth by Jesus Christ." The law was given by the ministration of angels, but the glorious Gospel of the blessed God by the Spirit-giving dispensation—"The Spirit of Promise," "received through faith."

Such, in the conversion of men, of all conditions and of all nations, is the almighty power of God the Holy Ghost in producing the moral changes of the wide world,—in the revival of His work,—His wondrous work of awakening and convincing men, one by one, by tens and thousands, wherever the glorious Gospel is preached with faith in the promised Spirit. So, without a miracle, the conversion of the world to Christ is to be accomplished, and the Spiritual millenium (the only millenium I believe in) is to appear, when the kingdom of God shall indeed come; and "the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth, as the water covereth the sea."

Such is the glorious reign of the Holy Spirit—the Dispensation of the Spirit through the Gospel.

III. This Dispensation of the Holy Spirit is a matter also of prayer. Christ has taught that God is more ready to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him than parents are to give good gifts to their children. Christ has Himself promised the Spirit. He has set an example of praying all night, doubtless for the Spirit, given Him without measure, to sustain His human nature without sin amidst the temptations of Satan and of a wicked world, and amid the woes of lost and ruined men. And why should not we, as "able ministers" of the New Dispensation of the Holy Spirit, pray

and preach the word, sowing "the incorruptible seed of the word," beside all waters, till the dews of Divine grace and the rain of righteousness shall descend and water the whole land, like "the River of God?" The great Nile of Egypt overflows and renders that land most fruitful of the finest of wheat. The farmers of Colorado and of the other Rocky Mountain States and Territories of America irrigate, with water-courses, that otherwise barren portion of our country. And why not Christ's ministers, elders, and all the people pray for the Holy Spirit, that first brooded over the waters of this entire globe itself, till all nature, and all tribes of animals in sea, and land, and air, and mankind sprang full-formed into being, so that God Himself pronounced His own handiwork good and glorious? Yet how much more glorious the work of the Holy Spirit, in renewing and reforming souls ruined by the fall!

Such is our glorious ministry under the Spirit of Promise. Why, then, should we not seek to carry salvation to perishing mortals, for whom Christ died and the Spirit strives? In season and out of season, why should we not give ourselves to prayer and the ministry of the word, we ministers, and elders, and deacons, and members of the Presbyterian Church—the largest Protestant denomination of Christians in the whole world—every man, woman, and child of us? Why not pray, and work, and wait, and watch for souls as those that must give account at the great day—for which all other days were made—terrible account for those who bring no souls with them saved by Christ, and sanctified by the Holy Spirit of Promise, of prophecy, and of prayer, home to glory?

But, as I have said, the Holy Spirit not only inspires prophets and apostles, but ordinarily uses the word of God, as He opened the heart of Lydia to attend unto the things spoken by the Apostle. "Paul may plant and Apollos water; but God giveth the increase." An eminent illustration of the word and Spirit going together occurs to mind. The Rev. Dr. Levi Spaulding, of Ceylon, more than thirty years ago said to the Synod of Utica, New York, in relating the

first revival in India, among the heathen: We were praying at our annual meeting for a revival, as in our fatherland refreshings were multiplied all over the United States. We all kneeled to the Father of all Spirits, and prayed Him to move our pupils and congregations by His Spirit. One after another prayed and wept before God, till all broke down in silence. On our return the first school of girls we reached was moved by the Spirit, in advance of our coming. The school-rooms, the sleeping-rooms, and even the stairs were filled with praying and weeping daughters of heathenism, begging God to make them Christians. So quickened were we missionaries and all others by the Holy Spirit of Promise that we thought of going right out among the untaught and untutored heathen with the fire of the Spirit, but we soon found that this fire would not lap up such a sacrifice. Take a single instance of a Persian girl, of whom the late Dr. Coan spoke. He overheard her praying with much entreaty, thus: "O Lord Jesus, have mercy on me! Pity, O Jesus, a poor Persian girl! I'm a poor sinner. Didst Thou not come to save sinners like me, and die even to save? Do, Lord, help a poor, weak girl!" Then (as if remembering that she was a woman by sex, always in heathen lands degraded and despised) she said: "But didst Thou not regard, O Lord, the Syro-Phenician woman, who said to Thee 'the dogs eat the crumbs that fall from their masters' tables?' Didst Thou not heal the woman that but touched the hem of Thy garment? Didst Thou not raise Jairus daughter? Didst Thou not raise Lazarus from the dead, the brother of Mary and Martha, and weep over his grave?" Reciting each case, she begged: "Lord, though I am of the sex a woman, deign to take compassion on me!" And He did, and she is now among the savage Koords of the mountains, telling them of Jesus.

And now, beloved brethren of the Synod of Iowa, be entreated to pray for the Spirit; be filled with the Spirit. Be like Stephen, the first Christian martyr, men and women and children "full of the Holy Ghost." Set your heart on a revival of pure and undefiled religion, like the first eight

pioneer ministers, who, with their wives and their children, crossed the Mississippi to found Presbyterian churches here in Iowa, composing old Des Moines Presbytery, among whom I stand before you the very last one living on Iowa soil. There was William W. Woods, my predecessor in the Stone Church of Iowa City, who made much of religious efforts under the Spirit; who promoted the revival at Kosuth (Yellow Springs), which "broke out" in the midst of the first meeting of the Presbytery I attended in Iowa. Several young men were then and there born of the Spirit, hopefully; and some of them are here as good ministers of Jesus Christ. Oh! we had revivals then in Presbyterial meetings. And it was worth going around the globe to witness such a blessing in a Presbytery.

And there was William H. Williams, who rode the length and breadth of Iowa on horseback, with his overcoat and umbrella tied on behind his saddle, to preach Jesus, especially to children, as he was a teacher, who closed his life in good works of the Gospel in Hendersonville, North Carolina, where he went with a consumptive son. They lie together. He wrote me once (I have the letter now) how he went without breakfast, on foot, to preach, across the River Des Moines, in the edge of Missouri, at a time when the crust of ice and snow broke under him at every step. His address was particularly to the young, "Take fast hold of instruction, for she is thy life." Good brother! He was very good and dear to us all, and *to me especially*:

There was Gamaliel C. Beaman, a graduate of Andover Theological Seminary—a missionary, first, like W. W. Woods, in Indiana; and then, in Montrose, Iowa, opposite Nauvoo, Illinois, that plague-spot of Mormonism. The Mormons stole his good horse, saddle, and bridle on their way through the wild tract to Kanessville, now Council Bluffs. Then he founded the church at Croton on the Des Moines River, where, during the the late civil war, he stood by his home, with his rifle in hand, to keep off invaders from Missouri—the hero of two wars—but, most of all, the warrior with the world and the flesh and the devil!

There, too, was good brother Thompson Bird, who founded the church we now meet in. He also was a graduate of Andover Seminary and a missionary in Indiana, who came here in 1848, and lived in a barrack of the old fort, by permission of the United States officer in command, during the first winter, till he built a log cabin: and as he wrote me, had "one room only, so snug and warm as not to freeze his feet." But he did freeze his hands riding over the prairies. And, by "close packing," he got forty hearers in it for preaching, by putting the children on the bed. He had a church of seven women and one man, not suitable for a ruling elder, almost literally fulfilling the prophecy of Scripture, that "Seven women shall take hold of one man to be called by the name of Christians." Father Bell, of the other branch of our church, said he had no church, because he had no elder in it. He came on horseback to Des Moines Presbytery, at Kossuth, crossing the Chickasaw as best he could, and inquired whether he indeed had a church in our estimation, a true church, and was assured that a church always existed before an election of elders, since there must be a body of believers composing a church, before they could choose an elder.

Mr. Bird was our pioneer, or western-most missionary in 1849; and the American Home Missionary Society Agent thought it almost a waste of money to sustain him here. Yet, see what God wrought through him by His Holy Spirit, in this now the Capital city of Iowa! The first wooden church edifice erected here cost toil and sacrifice. The pine lumber was hauled on wagons from the Mississippi River, and cost over a hundred dollars a thousand feet. But to return to his early privations and sufferings! He went to Presbytery in Cedar Rapids, all the long, weary way, on foot, and so blistered his feet that the skin came off with his socks; and the blessed good mother in our Israel still lives there who furnished warm water and clean stockings for him, almost fulfilling the Apostle's words: "Hath washed the disciple's feet." The brethren made up a purse and sent him home in the stage. May she long live, like the "big woman" of old, who had a prophet's chamber, and set a little

table and a candlestick for the man of God, who came often that way. For, good women, as oft as ye have done this, or even given a cup of cold water to a disciple, ye have done it unto Christ. Never let Bible hospitality die out in our Church and community, with the big houses and hotels of these times. Remember, that if God did not then, as now, make great houses and many rooms in this western wilderness, He did make a plenty of hazel thickets in which to go aside a while and pray, and keep the heart with all diligence.

Then there was Williston Jones, of Cedar Rapids, who laid the foundations of the Presbyterian church there, all equipped with stoves and bell. He was wont to scour the Cedar Valley with his mules (a very unscriptural rig, I must say; and he was never satisfied if he did not see sinners all the time converted. He used to wear down a span or two almost every year. He lies in his grave in Missouri. He went straight from a protracted meeting to the Savior, with these words on his dying lips: "May they all be converted!"

But last, and not least, in our eight, was John C. Ewing, who deceased at Winterset. He was lovely as John the Apostle. O my brother, O my six brothers in the Lord, you were precious to us, to me especially, as the last comer to Iowa of you all! God, the Holy Spirit, keep ward and watch over your sainted dust, till Christ, at the first resurrection, shall bring us all up, as well as those that shall then be alive, to His heavenly kingdom. Blessed Spirit, that buried Moses, be the guardian of us all, and bring us home to the heavenly mansions!

And what shall I say more? These all died in the faith of the promised Spirit. Time would fail me to speak of the worthies of the other branch of our now united Church and now consolidated Synod.

Fathers Cowles and Bell deceased, and Rev. E. Mead of Davenport, and Rev. James D. Mason, who still live, like Rev. Dr. Glen Wood, who early left our Iowa field for Illinois, founding the Church, and building the first edifice at Keokuk free of debt.

And, as old John Knox was wont to pray, "Give me Scotland or I die!" so may we all pray, give our great State of Iowa to Christ. Iowa, grown from forty thousand to a million and two-thirds since the present *Convenor* of this State Synod first spied out this goodly land, in 1839 and 1840; and since he has lived at Iowa City, now the thirty-third year of his pilgrimage in this once "howling wilderness," inhabited by wild Indians and wild beasts and birds of prey.

Let Presbyterianism, the friend of liberty in Church and State, a form of religion "without a bishop" (such as the Roman Catholic, Protestant Episcopal, and the Methodist Episcopal Churches have); and a State without a king—a Church with a written constitution and charter of our liberties—a Church in which the Michlenburg confession of faith and civil liberty arise before Thomas Jefferson ever penned the Declaration of Independence. But I mistake when I say no bishop; *we are all bishops* by our book, with equality in the ministry. Let us, then, magnify our office. Let error and infidelity, and bold, mocking atheism die out of our commonwealth and nation, while we preach the truth, by the aid of the Spirit of Promise. "The Spirit makes easy work," once said a ruling elder years ago. It is easy to pray in the Holy Ghost; it is easy to preach with the Spirit breathing on the preacher and the people, and giving sovereignty to the word of God. So George Whitfield and the Wesleys preached in England; and hundreds were converted in a day. So Jonathan Edwards and Davis and other Presbyterian worthies and evangelists, such as Nettleton in the Congregational order, preached and many believed. Nor has lay agency ever been wanting, good elders and deacons, standing as the body-guards of our ministry, while our whole sacramental host has followed the Captain of our salvation, and the leadings of the Holy Spirit, for as many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the Sons of God.

But the field is not only Iowa—"the field is the world." Give it all to Jesus Christ and to the Holy Spirit, who is now administering the kingdom of heaven among men, in the place of the risen and ascended Lord. Let the world be

“regenerated, redeemed, and disenthralled” from sin and Satan; and He who has a right to reign, reign over all nations. One man, full of the Holy Ghost, shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand enemies of Christianity to flight. Let all our institutions become schools of the blessed Spirit. Too long has our branch of the Christian Church been counting up the people of God, and been cursed like David in numbering the people. It is not by the might of numbers, but “by My Spirit,” saith the Lord, that victory is obtained. He can save by few or many.

Our Church, too, in common with other branches of the general Church, have been fighting atheism and infidelity, that has lately descended to the lower classes, as it was formerly prevalent among the higher orders of society. “Let them alone — the blind leaders of the blind: and if the blind lead the blind, they both shall fall into the ditch.”

There is a restiveness in ministers and churches. They want to introduce liturgies, as Dr Hodge advocated in Princeton before he died. And, since, Prof. Hitchcock of Union Seminary, New York, Prof. Hopkins of Auburn Seminary, and many lesser lights in the Presbyterian Church are following suit, all being unmindful that the prayers of Moses the man of God, the psalms and the prayers of David and of Habakkuk—in short, the prayers of Christ and His Apostles and martyrs, the Bible itself, is the best prayer-book. Payson knew how to pray, said a man of the world. Then comes the uneasiness on account of the sound Calvinism of our Confession of Faith—“the guilt of Adam’s sin”—and all that, not knowing that “guilt” has two senses, criminality and liability to the consequences of other’s sins.

The peace and quiet of the whole Church is thus disturbed, and the true basis of sound doctrine undermined. Let them alone, but preach the Godhead of Christ and the Godhead of the Holy Spirit. Preach and pray for a revival of pure and undefiled religion in all our churches. Set your hearts on it. Do not give up faith in the promise of the Spirit, but hold out as ministers and elders and people—make a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, for the

Spirit of God, and the word of God and the providence of God are all ministered by that same Spirit of Promise.

Now, be entreated, as by Paul the aged, by the example of inspired men and women of the Old Dispensation and of the New Dispensation of the Gospel: by blessed martyrs; by the worthies of all later ages: by the example of the dead and living among us, to be filled with the Spirit. Consider the love of the Spirit. It is He that loves to make you sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Read Philips' *Love of the Spirit*.

Consider how Christ has loved the Church and sent the Holy Spirit to perfect a Church without spot or wrinkle. Love and labor for the Church. Give for its enlargement and establishment—the Church, which is His body, who died for it. Make sacrifices for it. Said a merchant in St. Lawrence county, New York, who repaired the Presbyterian church of Fort Covington and was congratulated thereon: “It is worth while to work hard to have something to give.” Take church expenses and Presbyterial and Synodical apportionments as a necessity of the existence of the Church, the Presbytery, the Synod, and of the General Assembly to the Lord's table, if no ordinary time will move the people. Plead for the Church over the emblems of the body and blood of Christ, that He may fill you with all the graces and fruits of the Eternal Spirit, that you may abound in every good word and work, and serve Christ and your generation to the end. Die with your armor on and with the Holy Ghost in your spirit.

I have now done with the sublime subject of the Apostle—the Dispensation of the Spirit. O, Spirit of the living God, this once bless the words of the chief Apostle, that we may receive thee, thou Spirit of Promise, through faith!

LEWIS AND CLARKE'S EXPEDITION.

INCIDENTS ON THE WESTERN BORDER OF IOWA IN 1804.

BY HON. A. R. FULTON.

IN May, 1804, Captains Lewis and Clarke, under authority and direction of the Government of the United States, started on their memorable and perilous voyage of exploration up the Missouri River. Their party consisted of forty-two persons, twenty-one of whom were soldiers of the United States army. At that time there were but two small white settlements bordering on the Missouri River—one at St. Charles, twenty-two miles up, and the other at La Charette Creek, sixty-eight miles from the mouth of the Missouri. The latter consisted of only seven poor French families. The boats in which the explorers embarked consisted of a keel-boat, fifty-five feet long, partly covered, and two pirogues, or open boats, of smaller size. This was before the days of steam navigation.

After numerous wonderful adventures and strange interviews with the Osages and other tribes, we find the explorers, on the 14th of July, 1804, passing the mouth of the Nishnabotna, near the southwest corner of Iowa. There they encountered a herd of elk, the first they had seen in their passage up the Missouri. The fact is noted, that at a distance of twelve miles up the Missouri, above the mouth of the Nishnabotna, the latter stream is but three hundred yards from the former. On the 22d, the party encamped on the Iowa side of the Missouri, at a point about ten miles above Platte River, where they remained until the 27th, for the purpose of making observations, holding interviews with the natives, and preparing dispatches to the Government, to be transmitted by messengers who had accompanied the expedition thus far. This station, or encampment, was near the mouth of Mosquito Creek, in the northwest corner of Mills County. Here they found a great abundance of ripe wild grapes, and saw deer, wild turkeys and grouse. Continuing their journey, on the 30th they again encamped for three days at a point on the

Nebraska side of the river, where they held a council with the Otoes and the Missouris. From this circumstance, they named the place Council Bluffs. It was a short distance above the site of our present city of that name, but on the other side of the river. On the fourth day, after leaving camp at Council Bluffs, the boats passed the mouth of another little Iowa river, called by their French guide *Petite Riviere des Sioux*, or Little Sioux River. The Sioux Indians called it *Eaneahwadepou*, or Stone River.

After many more brief stoppages on both sides of the river, on the 18th of August they landed on the Nebraska side, at a point nearly opposite the southwest corner of the present Iowa county of Woodbury. Here they held another council with a party of Otoe and Missouri chiefs, who received a number of the presents with which the explorers had been provided. They had now accomplished about one thousand miles of their journey without any serious disaster, or the loss of any of the party. In camp on the 19th, at the place where the council was held, Sergeant Charles Floyd, of the expedition, became very sick, and remained so all night. The next morning, however, which was Monday, August 20th, the party set out on their passage up the river. Having, as the account says, "a fine wind and fine weather," they made thirteen miles, and at 2 o'clock p. m. landed for dinner on the Iowa side of the river. The place of landing was under some bluffs that approached near the river. Here Sergeant Floyd became worse, and it was soon evident to his companions that he must die. A little before his death he said to Capt. Clarke, "I am going to leave you; I want you to write me a letter." Before he could impart further directions, his strength failed him, and he passed away, as the journal of the expedition says, "with a composure that justified the high opinion we had formed of his firmness and good conduct."

Near the place of his death the body of Sergeant Floyd was buried by his comrades with the honors due to a brave soldier. The grave was on the top of a high bluff, some two hundred feet above the bed of the Missouri. It was marked by a cedar post, on which the name of the deceased was

inscribed, with the date of his death. A short distance above the place of interment, a small river, about thirty yards wide, flows into the Missouri, and here the party encamped until the next day. Captains Lewis and Clark gave to this stream the name "Floyd River," to perpetuate the memory of the first man who had fallen in this expedition.

Nearly eighty years have passed away since that bright summer afternoon, when that little grief-stricken band of adventurers gathered on the summit of that "prairie hill," as they termed it, to perform the last sad rites on the mortal remains of one of their beloved companions. For nearly half a century from that day the savage continued to hold undisputed possession of all that vast region, and still that frail wooden monument remained to mark the resting-place of the dead. It was during the great freshet, in the spring of 1857, that the turbulent Missouri swept away a portion of the bluff, so as to expose a part of the remains of the soldier. Then the good citizens of Sioux City and vicinity came together one day, and re-interred them some distance back from the river on the same bluff. Judge M. F. Moore delivered an oration, and other appropriate ceremonies marked the occasion.

MEMORIAL OF SERGEANT FLOYD.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

A band of noble men were they,
Who, on that fair midsummer day,
Moored their rude craft by yonder shore,
Where broad Missouri's waters roar.

Three moons ere this, with buoyant heart,
Each man went forth to act his part;
With leaders brave did they embark—
Chivalric Lewis and noble Clarke.

Where now we see proud cities, then
Were prowling beasts and savage men;
And each new scene was weird and wild—
The home of Nature's untaught child.

Passed many weary, toilsome days,
Till August's sun sent down his rays;

Where a limpid stream pours its tide,
One brave comrade grew sick and died.

No mother's form or loving face
Bent o'er her son in that lone place;
But comrades felt the painful void
When stern Death claimed the faithful Floyd.

With tender hands his form they laid
In coffin plain and rudely made;
And high above Missouri's wave
They made their loved companion's grave.

With honors to a soldier due—
Faithful to every trust, and true—
A weeping band on that sad day
Consigned to earth a comrade's clay.

They laid his form beneath the sod,
Where white man's foot had never trod;
The place with cedar shaft they marked,
Then on their journey far embarked.

The gentle winds and summer rains
Sang requiems o'er the lone remains;
Wild winter's blast, nor drifting snows,
Disturbed the soldier's sweet repose.

Passed half one hundred years, or more,
And white men sought again that shore:
But now to build a city fair,
The commerce of the world to share.

And still the soldier's grave was seen
On that high mound of prairie green,
Marked by the shaft of cedar wood,
That through the changing years had stood.

But, year by year, the mighty stream,
Down which the mountain waters teem,
Swept nearer to that sacred mound
Where the soldier slept in peace profound.

At last the tide of mountain rains
Exposed the long interred remains;
But there were kindly hands to save,
And dig again the soldier's grave.

Still further from the surging stream,
Where waters of Missouri gleam,
And with the limpid Floyd in view,
They made the soldier's grave anew.

The little stream that bears his name
Still murmurs sweet his modest fame,
And tells to each succeeding host
Of one who died at duty's post.



A company have purchased the old Spring and the new one, and
talk of erecting a magnificent hotel.

MEMOIR OF JUDGE CARLETON.

BY L. B. PATTERSON, ATTORNEY.

JAMES P. CARLETON, JR., was born February 24th, 1812, in Cumberland, Maryland; was educated at college in Washington, Pennsylvania; studied law in the office of B. W. Howard, in his native town, was admitted to practice, and started for a western location at about his majority. He located in Covington, Fountain County, Indiana, where he rapidly built up a business. Was, in a short time, elected a member of the Indiana Legislature, from Fountain County. Married Louisa, the eldest daughter of Peter H. and Elizabeth Patterson. In the year 1841, he, in company with his father-in-law and family, started for Iowa City, Iowa, where they arrived on the 27th day of April, 1841.

He commenced the practice of the law in company with his father-in-law, in Iowa City, soon after his arrival, but in a short time his partner retired from the profession. The Judge's office was of the backwoods style, being a one-story log office, located on Iowa Avenue, where a paint-shop now stands, just west of O'Hanlon & Son's boot and shoe store. In this office at the time were gathered as students of Blackstone, office boys, with William Smyth, afterwards the Judge's successor on the bench, and later a Member of Congress, since deceased; also A. A. Patterson, a native of Washington, and engaged in the practice of the law; and his brother, L. B. Patterson, attorney, now in practice in Iowa City.

In the year 1843, Judge Carleton was elected a member of the Territorial Legislature of Iowa from Johnson County, and served as Speaker of the House for the session, which convened at Iowa City in December, 1843. At the first election after the admission of Iowa as a State, he was elected District Judge of Iowa for the Fourth Judicial District, which was at that time composed of the following counties: Johnson, Linn, Benton, Iowa, Poweshiek, Jasper, Polk, Dallas, Tama, Marshall, Story, Boone, and the counties west. The first court

held at Des Moines, after we were a State, was held by Judge Carleton. The position of Judge was held by him until his death, on August 3d, 1852.

He was twice married. His second wife was Mary, the daughter of Rev. A. Young, who still survives him, with two daughters. His children, by his first wife, died before attaining majority.

As a lawyer, Judge Carleton had few superiors. In the trial of a cause by a jury, he was quick to apprehend the strong points in a case, and to make the evidence clear to the jury by his logic, impulsive eloquence, and honesty of purpose in whatever he undertook. At the time when he was in successful practice, cases were more frequently tried and won by successful attacks upon the jury than at present. In such trials he was very successful, and was almost always retained on one side of all jury trials in his county.

As a Judge, he was pure in purpose, of incorruptible integrity and honesty, with a keen sense of the dignity of his position, holding in contempt any kind of trickery and subterfuge that might be attempted in his court; kind and courteous to all, especially so to the younger men of the profession. He was quick to comprehend all the points in a case, and decided them with great promptness, always giving a reason therefor so clear that the losing party generally were convinced of its correctness. When, however, he was in error and convinced of the same, none was ever more anxious and ready to make apology and reparation. At times on the bench he was unable to control his nervous and sensitive organization, and would manifest impatience in trying to listen to a prosy or stupid argument, since his quickness of intellect had comprehended all at a single glance upon the first settlement of the points. The occasions, however, were rare. By some it was thought he carried on the bench too much of the technicalities of the law. In extenuation, it may be said that many lawyers of his period were trained rigidly in the school of technicalities; he was well versed in such knowledge, which he used very effectively in his practice. It ought not to be overlooked if at times he could not entirely

eradicate it from his judicial acts. In truthfulness, however, it can be said of him that with any defects he may have had, his reputation as a Judge stands fully equal to that of his judicial brethren of the period.

As a politician, he was always a Democrat, and rendered to the party effective aid; hence his elevation to the bench both in Iowa and Indiana—being a very effective stump speaker, and having few superiors in arousing the masses to action.

The great secret of his success and advancement after all was his severely studious habits and application to business. His most eloquent appeals to the jury, or to his constituency or friends, were not simply the impulse or inspiration of the moment, as was very frequently thought. They were the coinage of intense thought and reflection on the subject, as the writer has been frequently informed by the Judge.

INFANTILE INQUIRIES.

Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
Grow grey as the old man's, weak and poor,
Who asks for alms at our pillared door?
Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow
As he, when he told us his tale of woe?
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?
Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?

He said — but I knew not what he meant —
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest;
And he told how his kindred there were laid,
And the friends with whom in his youth he played;
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale.

He spoke of a home, where, in childhood's glee,
He chased from the wild flower the singing bee;
And followed afar, with a heart as light
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight;

And pulled young flowers, where they grew 'neath the beams
Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams; —
Yet, he left all these, through the earth to roam!
Why, O mother! did he leave his home?

'Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child,
The fancies of youth in age are beguiled;—
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn grey,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!
There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek;
But enjoy thy life, fair boy, like thee—
It was there the old man longed to be!

'For he knew that those with whom he had played,
In his heart's youth joy, 'neath their cottage shade —
Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth —
Whose names from our world had passed away,
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day —
He knew that they, with all sufferings done,
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!

'Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,
Where want with his pale train never may come,
Oh! scorn not the poor, with the scorner's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;
For He who hath made them poor may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild!
Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

[This anonymous poetry was selected for the holidays, the season of gifts to the poor and the rich. Its lines are truly tender and touching.]



A DELL NEAR COLFAX, IOWA, ON THE "GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE."

HUMMER'S BELL.

BY SAMUEL MAGILL.

In the Presbyterian church, pretty high in the steeple,
Hung a loud-sounding bell, to call together all the people.
That bell was held in high esteem by all who heard it sound:
It rung so loud it could be heard for many miles around.

The minister who labored there did not exactly suit:
The people thought they'd let him slide, but he was rather cute.
He did not get his salary for which they had agreed,
And he was bound to have it, and he knew he could succeed.

And he had formed a plan which to Margrave he did tell:
He would ascend the steeple, and let down that handsome bell.
He put up a long ladder, went up to the steeple door,
And the bell came down with a rush and landed on the floor.

Then came on his trouble: the ladder was taken away,
And he was up in the steeple—and there he had to stay.
He preached a louder sermon than he ever preached before,
Which pleased those who heard him, for they all laughed the more.

Van Fleet sent up a wagon, and the bell was loaded in;
And the driver never thought he had committed a sin.
He took the bell to a rapid creek, and sunk it very deep;
And there it stayed for months, while Hummer was left to weep.

And when the crowd dispersed, Margrave put up the ladder:
Then Hummer hurried down, and no man was ever madder.
And when he found the bell was gone—just spirited away—
He knew his case was hopeless, and he had no more to say.

That night the people assembled at the Crummy hotel,
Where Hummer, Margrave and Clark were planning to get the bell.
Magill was then elected to demand the missing arm:
He told them to give it up, or the crowd might do them harm.

They all declared they did not know where it could then be found,
For none of them had seen the arm while they were moving round.
The committee then reported just what it had to tell:
That the missing arm was lost of the famous Hummer bell.

Next day they made an effort, and searched the country round;
But they never struck the trail where the bell could then be found.
They lost all their labor in their hunting exploration,
And then gave up the chase as a useless operation.

The Spiritualists were called on for a revelation,
To point out the very place of the lost bell's location:
Six miles west it would be found, in the bottom of a well.
But Hummer was disappointed; he did not find the bell.

Some sordid men then stole the bell, and took it to Salt Lake,
And sold it to the Mormon Church, for filthy lucre's sake;
And it is in their Temple now; as every Saint can tell,
For they have heard the ringing sound of the great Hummer bell.



LOVER'S LEAP, NEAR MINERAL SPRINGS, COLFAX, IOWA, ON THE "GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE."

RECEPTION TO A VETERAN MINISTER.

Special Report to the Davenport Gazette.

IOWA CITY, November 30th, 1882.

On Tuesday evening occurred the reception of the Rev. Samuel Storrs Howe, the veteran minister of Iowa City, given to commemorate the thirty-third anniversary of his first arrival in Iowa City. Mr. Howe was born in Vermont, and graduated at Middlebury College, and afterward was there Tutor in Greek in 1835-6. After his graduation he taught school in Canandaigua, New York, for two and a half years, and there assisted in the instruction of Stephen A. Douglas. He afterward studied theology and presided over several churches in various parts of New York. He came here in response to a call from the congregation of what is known as the "Old Stone Church." After filling his position two years he resigned and became a "minister-at-large." Then he became widely known through the assistance he rendered many congregations in the State, in raising money and building churches. He has lately retired from his ministerial duties, and now edits a historical magazine, called THE ANNALS OF IOWA. The reception was attended by a large number of ladies and gentlemen, and all were pleased with the hospitality of the reverend gentleman.

[A similar notice of the Rev. Dexter P. Smith, D.D., will be published in the next issue. He is the oldest Baptist minister in the State; he has resided here since 1845.]



THE LATE JOHN W. PORTER.

Born in Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio, April 26th, 1839.
Died in Iowa City, December 7th, 1882.

MEMOIR OF JOHN W. PORTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. He was without an enemy or a rival—alike esteemed by all.

2. He was a member of the Sons of Temperance while that order existed here, and of the Good Templars afterward, and he was a discreet and consistent advocate of this cause.

3. He was honored in all agricultural societies of Iowa. He was naturally fond of fast and fine horses, although not to a fault.

4. He was eminently social and cheerful, always greeting all with a smile and kind word, even in passing on the street. He will be greatly missed, not only by his relatives whom he much loved, but by all private citizens of the town and community.

5. But, above all, he was a Christian, and a member and principal supporter of the Christian Society, yet not confined in his sympathies to that sect, but liberal and co-operative with all denominations in every good word and work.

And, now, leaving a venerable mother, a gentle and lovely wife, and dutiful children—indeed, a large circle of relatives—he too early has gone to heaven.

Mr. Porter was one of the Directors of the State Agricultural Society for a term of two years, and was elected its President in January, 1881. He was also President of the Inter-State Association of the Boards of Agriculture, which was organized at Chicago, November 9th, 1881. He was President of the National Association of Lumber Dealers, 1878-79, the principal offices of which are located in Chicago. This has grown to be the most successful trade organization in the world.—*Souvenir*.

FOREST TREE-PLANTING ON THE IOWA PRAIRIES.

MESSRS. Hall and Whitney, in their geological survey of Iowa, state that forest trees will not grow on the prairies; that the soil was formed by the subsidence of water, and, as such, will not sustain forest trees, thus adopting the water theory of prairie formations. Now any old settler in Iowa can confute all this theorizing by experience and observation, and can prove the fire theory as the true one of prairie formation, and that trees of all sorts will grow on the prairies of Iowa, as well as in the timberland.

Mr. Azariah Pinney, about four miles east-by-south of Iowa City, as long ago as Duncan & Jerome printed the *Republican*, expressed to them, with much indignation, the confutation of Hall's statement. He thought it injurious to the settlement of the prairies. In 1850 he planted the seeds of burr-oaks which are now, some of them, over a foot and a half through. He transplanted white oak, hickory, black walnut, white ash, black (or basket) ash, red and white elm trees, many white elms coming up of themselves — the largest elm came up of itself. Wild cherries came up of themselves, and also choke-cherries. He transplanted a large soft maple and a few catalpas, not succeeding very well, the winter being too severe for catalpas. He cut down seven cotton-wood trees that were drinking up the well of water. After this the house-well gave plenty of water. The largest cotton-wood was two and a half feet through at the butt, and one of these measured seventy-five feet high. As evidence of the trees drawing water out of the well, he found water near the roots of the cotton-wood coming to the surface. He sank the well four feet, and, as the trees grew, the well went dry. Before, all his stock and the neighbors' was watered at the well, and the railroad and others hauled water by the barrel. But the grove, now at a distance, conducts water to the well, and helps it, much more stock being on the place and watered at it.

He also planted about a quarter of an acre of yellow locust seed, and the first year some few scattering trees were three feet high, but the winter snow broke them down. He dug up the scattering locusts and put them in one row, and manifold more came up from the roots cut off, and formed a large grove of trees. He sold \$200 worth of trees and used \$100 worth of posts, poles, and wood, after the borers began to kill the trees. One string of fence entirely of poles was about fifty rods long. There are now one hundred feet of shedding made of the posts and poles of these locusts.

He has succeeded in raising about fifty rods of willow fence that will turn cattle. One cotton-wood stock-fence, that the fire ran through, yielded some forty cords of the best wood. Thus much for the confutation of Hall's theory. Osage orange hedge was mostly a failure, although some fifty rods, out of two miles around the farm, grew well. Eighty dollars worth of locust trees were set in the State House yard, now the University campus, and all died by borers.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE wish our readers a Happy New Year.

ANY defects in this issue may be set to the want of usual sight to revise copy.

THE article on Forest Tree Planting in our Prairies, is by a practical farmer, and it deserves the attention of all agriculturists.

THE Rock Island railway is extensively advertised and illustrated in this first publication of 1883. Other railroads will be treated in the same manner, when they furnish the Editor similar accommodations and facilities of travel.

THE Editor, being under the care of Prof. Hobby of the State University, for defective sight, and also taking counsel of Dr. Henry Foster, of Clifton Springs, N. Y., is obliged to devolve much labor on his Associate Editor, Judge A. R. FULTON, of Des Moines, as Corresponding Editor. No man in the State is better qualified to aid in this work. He is editing two hundred insides for as many newspapers every week. Already he has contributed several articles that have been widely copied and credited to the ANNALS.

THE REPUBLICAN BINDERY.



IN CONNECTION WITH THE REPUBLICAN STEAM PRINTING
HOUSE. ESTABLISHED IN 1879.



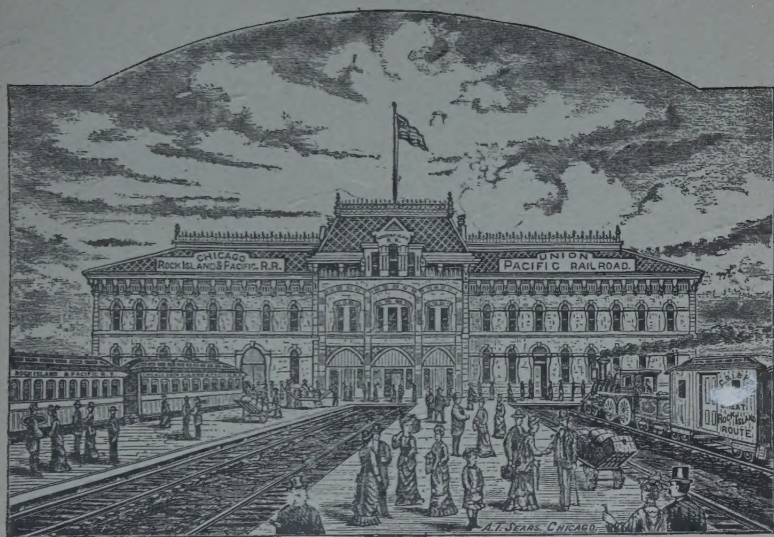
INDING of every description. This department is in charge of Mr. ZACCHEUS SEEMANN as Foreman, a young man of skill and promptness; he has been engaged in the business for over eighteen years, and learned his trade in the oldest Bindery in the State.

The Republican Bindery is able to furnish the cheapest as well as the best and latest styles of Binding, in all varieties, such as Blank Books, of the best paper and to any pattern, with or without printed headings; Periodicals, Music, Law Books, etc. Old books of all descriptions rebound. Binding in any style on short notice, and all work guaranteed.

We have an entirely new outfit of machinery, type, tools, and the finest paper cutter in the State.

A full variety of Morocco, Roans of all colors, and a large assortment of Morocco Cloth continually on hand.

 The Editor of the ANNALS fully endorses all that is said above, from personal acquaintance of eighteen years.



AFTER considerable delay and litigation, the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad Company made Council Bluffs (formerly Kaneshville) the Western terminus of their road, and erected a magnificent depot, together with other roads centering there. At one time Omaha was thought to claim it, but it is now irrevocably fixed at the Bluffs.

PROSPECTUS

OF

The Annals of Iowa

1883.

This year's volume will be more fully illustrated than the last, with steel engravings, artotypes, wood cuts, and all that pertains to the highest style of the printing art; and will contain historical sketches of Iowa, biographies of distinguished persons, genealogies, obituaries of eminent deceased individuals, reminiscences of old settlers, and recollections of the learned professions, accounts of arts and manufactures, with the progress of improvement in agriculture and trade.

Contributions on these and other topics, suited to this work, will be welcomed.

Weekly or daily papers sent by their publishers will be kept on file as a source of future reference and history.

CLUB RATES. — Six sets for the year, to one post-office address, \$5.00; larger deductions for ten or twenty copies to one address.

Address, **SAMUEL STORRS HOWE,**
Editor and Proprietor,
Lock Box 1391. **IOWA CITY, IOWA.**

A. R. FULTON,
Corresponding Editor,
Des Moines, Iowa.